INT. WORKSHOP – NAZARETH – DAYTIME

The same workshop

The same wood.

The same place where everything was built.

Yosef (יוֹסֵף)

is working harder than usual.

He can feel it

Distance

Weight

Uncertainty

Something was about to change

The plane drags across the wood—loud.

Sharp.

Yeshua

stands in the doorway.

Watching.

YESHUA (soft)

"Abba…"

YOSEF

"Mm."

(doesn't look up)

YESHUA

"It's time."

The tool stops.

But Yosef hasn't turned yet.

YOSEF

"…Time for what."

YESHUA

"I must go."

YOSEF (anxious)

"…and where is that, my son?."

YESHUA

"to Jerusalem"

Silence.

Then

Yosef turns fast.

Too fast.

YOSEF

"What do you mean *you must go*?"

YESHUA

"It is time

for my Father's work."

Yosef laughs—sharp,

almost bitter.

YOSEF

“Your Father’s work?”

(murmuring)

“Your Father’s work?”

(steps closer)

“Was this not your father’s work?”

(gestures to the wood, the shop, everything)

YOSEF

"I taught you these hands!"

"Are you not meant to stay here

to love

and serve others as yourself"

(tears building)

"Like the teachings

used to say?"

Yeshua looks at his hands.

Then back at Yosef.

YESHUA (gently)

“You did.”

YOSEF

“Then stay.”

(voice cracks slightly)

“Please”

“Stay and build.

Stay and live.

Stay here.

with all of us”

YOSEF (rising)

“Are you ready for what’s out there?”

Yeshua steps forward.

Calm.

Unshaken.

YESHUA

"I am ready."

Yosef slams the tool down.

Wood cracks slightly.

YOSEF

"Well, I am not!"

The room goes still.

Dust hangs in the air.

Yeshua walks closer.

Just present.

YESHUA (soft)

“I have stayed.”

YESHUA

“I have learned your work.”

(glances around)

YESHUA

“And I will carry it with me.”

Yosef breathes heavy.

…Trying to hold himself together.

His chest rises—

falls—uneven.

His hands tremble,

still dusted with wood shavings.

He turns away.

For a moment,

he cannot look at Him.

YOSEF (low, breaking)

"…You were just a boy."

(voice cracks)

"…in this very room."

He swallows hard.

Shakes his head.

YOSEF

"I blink

and now you're leaving."

Silence.

YOSEF (soft,)

“I don’t know how to be here without you.”

Yeshua steps closer.

Close enough

no distance between them.

Yosef exhales

YOSEF (quiet)

“…Come here.”

Yeshua doesn’t hesitate.

He steps in

and Yosef pulls Him into a tight embrace.

Firm.

Unwilling to let go.

Yosef’s hand grips the back of His tunic

YOSEF (whispered)

“My son…”

Then slowly…

Yosef lets go.

Not fully—

just enough.

He places a hand on Yeshua’s face.

Rough fingers.

Gentle touch.

Yosef nods.

Once.

YOSEF

"…Go."

Yeshua holds his gaze.

Then bows his head slightly.

He turns toward the doorway.

Pauses.

One last look.

Yosef stands in the workshop

surrounded by the work of his hands.

Yeshua steps out.

Into the fading light.

INT. WORKSHOP – NAZARETH – SUNSET

The light is dimmer now.

The workshop rests in stillness.

The tools… untouched.

From outside

Mary’s voice approaches.

MARY (calling, warm)

“Ye…?”

She steps closer.

Peeks in.

MARY

“Ye…”

(smiling faintly)

“Yehoshua…

where are you, my dear boy?”

She steps inside.

MARY (lightly)

"Are you finished with papa?"

No answer.

She walks further in

past the bench

past the tools

Then

she stops.

Yosef

is there.

Slumped.

One hand gripping his chest.

The other

rested against the wood.

The plane lies beside him.

MARY (confused)

"…Yosef?"

She rushes to him.

Drops to her knees.

MARY

"Yosef—!"

His breathing is shallow.

Fading.

But his eyes open.

He sees her.

YOSEF (faint)

"…Mary…"

She holds his face.

Shaking now.

MARY

"What happened—?"

(looking around)

"Where is he?"

Her voice breaks.

Yosef exhales slowly.

It costs him.

YOSEF (barely)

"…He went."

Mary freezes.

MARY (whispered)

"…Went?"

A tear slips down her cheek.

Yosef nods faintly.

YOSEF

"…It is time…"

He looks toward the doorway.

Where Yeshua once stood.

YOSEF (soft, fading)

"…It is time… my love…"

Mary shakes her head.

Grips him tighter.

MARY

"No… no—"

Her voice breaks open.

She pulls him close.

Rocking slightly.

Just like she once held Yeshua.

MARY (weeping)

"Stay…

please

stay…”

But Yosef’s breath…

slows.

He looks at Mary

her eyes

He smiles

one final time

Then

stops.

Silence.

The workshop is still

Mary clutches him.

Her cries fill the room

The tools remain where they were.

The wood untouched.

And the doorway

remains..

open

The light of the sun

rests across the floor